THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXVII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1847. WHOLE NO. 1328.

Original Poem.

TO MY CHILD.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY M. E. J.

My little one, my pretty one, that climbest near my side,
With sweet, bright face, and earnest eyes, and hair and form like wood nymph's dreamy,
And soft love gleaming in the sun like threads of shining gold,
How these rejoice thy mother's heart, may not in words be told!

Her eye beholdeth, day by day, new childish grace
As mind discloses more and more this tender frame of clay;
And daily thanks arise for her gift for aiding
The gentle, loving heart that beats within thy little breast.

Oh, beautiful the dawning lights of intellect that gleam
Across thy little features, as from thy dark eyes beam,
But sweeter the pure breath of love, the fragrance of thy heart,
That like a rosy cloud about thy young existence lies.

A blessed home delight upon thy father's heart is shed,
When in the eagles' evening hour he sees thee coming
And the gathering of little feet across the parlor floor,
Half hushed, half impatient to greet him at the door.

Oh, very sweet the dimpled face pressed close against his own,
And soft the fond, clasping arms that round his neck are thrown;
And radiantly mantled, as a lily petal fair,
The head whose childish fondling smothers o'er the brow of care.

And pleasant to a father's ear the prattle gay and free,
The young voice softly pleading to sit on "papa's knee,"
And there enthroned, to tell him o'er with earnest eye and tone,
The many wonders of the day whose busy round has flown.

My pretty one! my precious one! when brother sits down
Thy little form from out our home, how still and lone it seems!
Robbed of the young and guileless joy that filled it with delight,
A possible void falls on the ear, a blank before the sight.

We miss the laughter, ringing out its sweet and merry chime,
And the gentle of thy little tongue that moveth all the time
With the ceaseless stream of thought poured forth with childish zeal,
Like the music never resting of a fay water wheel!

We'd love thee firmly, lonely tenant in all our heart's delight
Around the lovely little fetter, no pretence on our sight,
And love it for the earnest, young voice that grows on like a bane,
Closing forth in highest key, more merry little tone.

A blessing on thy happy heart, my bright-eyed flower of love,
A blessing may'st thou win from Him through whose love and mercy
Who, in the Heavenly Home, His grace hath made my cup o'errun
With the rich treasure of thy life, my darling little one!
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Original Tales.

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We remember a young friend of ours whose course in life strikingly illustrates the truth of our opinion. In her girlhood she was the gayest of the gay—one of those lively, music, sociable characters that make themselves universally beloved; and with out any appearance of effort, she soon became the undisputed lioness of a large circle of young friends. Her father was wealthy, and her home rich in every elegance and comfort, but no one dreamed that Annie Rankare, the bright star of our circle, whose very presence was a gleam of vivacity, owed any thing of her popularity to these accidental attractions. We all loved to visit her, because she was so happy herself, and such a dispenser of happiness!

She married a young merchant in a prosperous business, and in circumstances that enabled her to enjoy all her accustomed luxury. Now it was even fashionable for Annie to visit her, for the manner of the young style was as cordial; her fete as sunny as ever, while the softened tinter of her eye told of a deeper happiness than her girlish mirth had known. But the trial was at hand. Scarce a year had passed—it before her husband became involved to dizzi ness and family failed, and after the settlement of his affairs, they were just able to take a small house and live with an economy that in one so delicately nurtured as she had been, was nothing less than sore privation. Her carriage was gone, her opera-box spectatress abroad, her gay circle, the costly pictures on the walls had vanished, she could no longer indulge her kind-heartedness in generous alms—nothing was left but what could have returned to them the meanest accession. And did this cloud her brow, weigh down her spirits, chill her heart? We bet most intimate young friend, went in entirely, with this question in our minds, to see her to her new abode.

It was not in a handsome neighborhood, and we passed many houses with the thought that Annie Wilson could not possibly live there. At last we stopped before one no better than the others in the row, but so beautifully neat as to look superior in every respect. There were flowers in the win dows too, and there was no such air, we thought, as upon the face of his wife. We all felt it as if a confusion had dashed across the table, and Annie herself turned into elegance, became a ray as of Hope! Her husband was the same, that her warm welcome and kindness of tale were not called up with effect for the occasion, but were the natural overflow of her sunny spirit. She spoke of her husband too, with the frank affection of a heart at rest, and one felt and hugged in its full sense of blessings to have any room but for laughing after former episodes. It was easy to see that misfortune had taken nothing from the sweet smile of the happy wife, and that nobody could feel sadder than the proud young mother as she folded her treasure in her arms.

We went away delighted to the utmost with our visit. We had not been received in stately rooms, or entertained with sumptuous fare, but it was unanimously declared that the pleasure in visiting Annie Wilson was even greater than ever. It was such a joy to feel her unchanged, and yet as ever in such an object that might have subdued her.

But further reverses followed. Mr. Rankare, Annie's father, at this time met with great losses, and became embarrassed to such a degree that he could give no assistance to the young couple who were struggling to keep their heads above the bitter waters around them. Poor old gentleman! his heart days broke through the gloom to cheer them. The clouds of misfortune still lowered darkly upon Edward Wilson's path, and with a sigh of wounded pride and affection, which the bright looks and cheerful words of his wife could hardly soften, he mourned the necessity of their taking a very poorly dwelling, situated too in an obscure court.

This was a hard trial for Annie's heroism, but her good angel did not desert her. She was blessed with a buoyancy of disposition that bore her up through all reverses, to the same even level of cheerfulness. Nothing seemed able to conquer her spirit. It may readily be imagined that in such a neighborhood there was much to shock the sensibility and disgust the taste of a woman of refinement; but she turned to the best society, and daintily feed and pet-ed from infancy in the lap of prosperity. But it was the happy gift of Annie Wilson to choose only the bright-hued, smooth and silken threads out of the vile old entangled mass that lay in mockery in the hand of Destiny, and so her life was woven all of gay colors, and bordered with flowers worthy of Paradise, though whatever dark places of earth its web might run. All that was coarse and vulgar about her new abode made no permanent impression upon her mind, while she mentally seized in every beauty and comfort out of the most unpromising materials by her happy faculty of seeing every thing in its sweet light.

All this we remarked at our first visit. The charm had not departed from her presence or from the household which it blessed. There was some thing novel and delightful in the simple life they led. It was pursery glorified by cheerfulness, and the old-fashioned feast was spread distastefully upon by the shining eye and hand of a cultivated taste and delicate feeling. The homeliest details of household management were so conducted as to have a poetic air: as that it reminded you of primitive manners in the young days of the world. Annie's dress did not affect the "best stuff" of scorn to prepare the food of her warrior lord.

Somewhere, in one of his sagas, has a curious para graph of which we are reminded in this connection:

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"Summer hearts make summer's falsew, where
No leaf or bud or blossom may be seen."

Original Poetry.

THE MOHICAN MAIDEN'S SONG. AN INDIAN MELODY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EDWARD J. PORTER.

Weep for the Mohican!—pride of our race,
The bravest in battle—the fleetest in chase—
The hunter who ne'er a rush from the mark,
And mingle his short with the wildest in war
The song! for the spirit shall wake to no more,
The turf of the mountain is stained with his gore;
But remember the scene by midnight we met
He frowned on the shaft that hath waked our despair.

Weep for the Mohican!—soul of the hunt,
Whose strength had gifted with more than a spell!
And the waves of the Mohawk had paused on their way
To gaze on the dance of the warrior's array!
Oh, then was the time for the song and the dance,
While the lone-oak was whispered by lesser or mand—
And the pride of those scenes was gathered in gore,
And the dance is forsaken—the forest is o'er.

You weep, maidens, weep! to our warrior joy
Was the sweetest of sounds in the days that are gone,
And sweeter for his spirit a garland of song,
Than the wreath we for fame on the deer, as the wild elk was strung
In battle whose feared his plume on the blest,
Intertwine around like a chain closed was cast—
Yet the greatest of all when we danced by the wave
Was the spirit we weep—our young Mohican brave.

An Instructive Tale.

ISABELLA MORGAN; OR, The Rich and the Poor.

It so happened, that Isabella Morgan, a girl of her own station in life, was still engaged in school at this time her father's sole companion, and delighted at all seasons to be with him, her pleasure in his society was increased by every good thing she could do to make him happy. Still a certain degree of pride that she was now really useful; and that on her punctuality and skill depended the comfort of her father, gave a new charm to her duties, and fancies with this kind and cheerful father, that he had seldom laid aside his pen or book for half a minute, before she would have the coffee ready for his morning's adventure, or open some more astonishing aspect with "Papa, I wonder whether . . . ?" Papa, don't you think . . . ?" and her short curls and embarrassments were seldom very important or perplexing: the wanderment was over the moment it arose in her mind, and she was capable of any rational solution at all, was consequently by her father's suggestions replies. Not so her sister Caroline, daylight had dawned, and she had candles and tea-time had not arrived. Mr. Morgan had made his pen, and drew near the small sum of money which he gained by his labor, and sat in her tastefully, expecting from her some merry remark or grave surmise, so an introduction to their evening's tea which Isabella was seated on a low stool at full troubles, and, as my husband says, to speak out her mind. She would begin the recital of some morning's adventure, or open some more astonishing subject with "Papa, I wonder whether . . . ?" Papa, don't you think . . . ?" and her

United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia: SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1864.

TERMS.

Single copies $2 per annum in advance—$2 if not paid in advance.

For $5 we disburse one copy of the Saturday Post, To Clubs we make the following LIBERAL OFFERS:

4 COPIES,	$5.00	PER ANNUM.
8 "	$10.00	"
13 "	$15.00	"
20 "	$20.00	"

The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance.

Letters will be taken from the Post Office indeed the postage is paid.

Remittals must always state the Post Office county and State, as well as that to which the paper is to be addressed.

For THREE DOLLARS, we will send one copy of the Saturday Evening Post, and one copy of "Sense and Nonsense," a splendid Humorous, and one copy of the Saturday Evening Post for one year, and one copy of "Peterson's Ladies' National Monthly" for 1865.

For FIVE DOLLARS, one copy of the Saturday Evening Post, one copy of Dickens' Complete Works, one copy of Lady's Book, and one copy of the Ladies' National Monthly.

For TEN DOLLARS, we will send six copies of the Saturday Evening Post, and one copy of the Ladies' National Magazine, Peters' Portrait Magazine, or "The Model Book of Cookery," as we will send the choice of the Saturday Evening Post, one copy of Godey's Magazine, or Godey's Lady's Book, for one year.

For TEN DOLLARS, we will send six copies of the Saturday Evening Post, and one copy of "The Pioneer," for 1867, and one more at either the Ladies' National Monthly, plate of celebrating the occasion in a manner both appropriate and worthy of the event. Each of the sections must be the best kind of a paper, and we intend giving it to them. We trust, therefore, that the friends will be ready to work for us, and that we will be sending on their individual subscriptions, as quickly as possible, in order that we may know at once how many Premiums we have to get to print during the coming year than the present.

☞ D. E. SPENCER, of Bridgeport, Ohio, is no longer Agent for the paper.

INFORMATION WANTED

Of the following named persons who are in account for prize money:

Of Dr. Merrick, formerly of St. Louis, Missouri.
Of E. Abernethy, formerly of Wilmington, N. C.
Of Henry V. Meigs, Esq., formerly of Columbus, Geo.
Of Lieutenant King, formerly of Little Fort, Illinois.
Of T. C. Wetherell, formerly of Davenport, Virginia.
Of A. Updegraff, formerly of New Carlisle, Ohio.
Of D. M. Reed, formerly of Ridgeway, New York.
Of Wm. M. Ferry, formerly of Grand Haven, Mich.
Of M. P. Wass, formerly of Mount Willing, Ala.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. H. P., Boston.—Your poem is received, but, after due reflection, we have concluded to make no public use of it, as we fear, however, much obliged to hear for it, as circumstances might arise to render a contribution of the kind be thirteen advisable.

Subscriber, Lancaster.—Parts of this are very good, but we think it might be improved.

"The Bear and Fox."—We do not think this is quite up to the average of the contributions we publish.

THIS WEEK.

We prize ourselves upon this week's paper. The two ladies' fine steel plate, and the other illustrations are assuredly written, but they illustrate each other admirably—while we think the other selections will be found both instructive and interesting.

WHAT IS WISDOM?

To the above question we do not know that it is possible to give any answer more generally correct than this—Wisdom is "that which" at every age have always seen that, in the passage of mankind through this world, dangers lie on either hand, and that by not inclining too much either to the right or to the left, the middle course is that of avoiding Charybdis at the same time that he escapes Scylla.

But, to go a little deeper into our subject, the nature of "that" that the line of wisdom, which is generally the path of safety and of wisdom, is to be found in the very nature of man. Every one at all accustomed to observe subject upon the world will wonderfully made fabric of man, perceives that well connects in the show of faculties, whose modulate is difficult and not commendable in one, and in one cannot absolutely necessary. And the reason of this is, perhaps, that the extravagant gratification of any one of these faculties is apt to affect the whole of man, from a being possessed of many and various powers, to a being of but comparatively limited powers. And this appears to be a necessity in man's nature, a necessity consequent upon the very fulness and completeness of his organization, that self-abandonment to the beliefs, if allowed through excessive ages, would reduce him to an inferior order of being.

Let us then that moderation is true wisdom—and we find in accordance with this sentiment, that the wisest men, those who by the common consent of mankind are entitled to that proud appellation, have always been most moderate in their opinions and their belief. In politics, in religion, and indeed in everything, the wisest men are the most sober. The wise man avoids extremes intuitively by. He knows that wherever truth may be, it is not in the hatred of the bigot, or the virulence of the partisan.

In this connection we may appropriately make a few remarks upon an old fable, that we have always thought had a wrong interpretation given to it by the world. We mean that of the Satyr and the traveller, as related by Esop. Our readers will remember that the Satyr lives in the chilled and warm traveller in his hot, but is astonished when he begins to blow or rather breathe upon his hands for the purpose of warming them. He inquires the Satyr's reason for this, and explains, and finding that the traveller is cold, immediately builds up a large fire, and bids him warm himself by its side. Next, upon presenting the hot broth to his guest, he perceives that he also blows upon this. He interposes, the Satyr, deny it in vain, and finally drives the thankless guest again as to his reason. The traveller innocently replies that he does it to make his broth cool; at which answer the indignant Satyr drives him out of his hut, exclaiming that he will have nothing to do with a man "who blows hot and cold with the same breath."

The moral which has been universally drawn from the above fable, is a most false and unreasonable one. It takes the part of the inconsistent Satyr, against the wise and knowing man. Thus we hear every day the expression applied meta-phorically to the inconsistent character of "blowing hot and cold with the same breath," used as a term of reproach, and evidently derived from the allegory in question. But it is as evident as the sun in the heavens, notwithstanding so many persons have been blind to it, that the real moral of the fable is very different from that received one; and that to "blow hot and cold with the same breath," is the exact in which the phrase is used in the fable, is stead of being commendable, is highly reasonable and praiseworthy. The moral of the fable of the Satyr is evidently this—The Satyr is the foolish world; the traveller, weary and chill, is some unfortunate individual who has met with misfortune. The blowing hot and cold is the wise moderation of his tongue, rebuking not only the unmeaning open the right hand, but those who are attempting to set the Satyr and the traveller more than the neutral and the depraved. Thus the wicked world, like the foolish Satyr, rises up, and drives away from their presence the man that will not take side with either party, but who possesses to censure all, and cries out with one voice, "exactly like, exactly like!" and this is the true interpretation.

But while holding with a reasonable degree of firmness, to the doctrine of moderation in all things, we must not commit the inconsistency of group to extremes in its maintenance. For it is one of the faculties of all right, to see a man running to an extreme in the defense of the doctrine that true wisdom chiefly consists in avoiding extremes. And in dealing with reformers, who always believe the one evil they are contending against, is the main evil in the world, and that there is comparatively none else, the wise man will not forget that there are excesses for a certain degree of exaggeration, even in virtue of their principles. For in this sphere but little moderation is sought. Mr. Burke says:—

"Nations could not subsist on any other terms. Even the vices of the planet, it is said, compensate each other. Excess itself balances excess. So true it is that the scale of human virtue is formed to be trembled in the balance, and that in the seeming confusion of its parts, the whole is preserved in steadiness and beauty. Even the evil of the individual is frequently the occasion of some good to the community. Offenses have their uses; as in the order of the world, so in the constitution of the state, vices are sometimes necessary connections with other vices, to make out of their conflicting movement a harmonious result. A disposition to theft, with a power of invention, is the very parent of arts. Revenge, in like manner, produces examples of fortitude. Even ambition, the last refuge of great souls, when no other way is left open to honest enterprise, has been the occasion of many services to mankind. Rapacity itself, when it only clears away rubbish from the foundations of a building, may bring to light valuable hidden treasure. Profusion spreads plenty among the poor. Avarice amasses hoards, which future generations may want. Even sensuality, when it has passed its full time, and is palled by its own satiety, has helped to break the fierce spirit of barbarous conquest. Whatever is destructive, when it is carried to excess, is generally self-limited. Human affairs are kept in a state of fluctuation, and taught to recover themselves by the very extremes to which they are hurried. Nature has her process of destruction, but she has her process of restoration also, and she soon brings in her claim to the place she has lost. Her vices are forced into virtues in the process of time."

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EDITORIAL TROUBLES.

We are often reminded, in editing a paper, of a celebrated story of the artist, who, having painted fairly well pleased with a certain picture that he had just finished, exhibited it to the public square, with a written request that every one to mark with chalk any particular part which was thought defective. The consequence was, that the next day the picture of the artist returned to the house of everything that could well chalk marks—in fact, nothing was to be seen but one universal chalk spot. The artist returned home in despair, and locked himself up, and was dejectedly proceeding homeward, when he met a friend, to whom he related what had occurred to him. "Is that all?" said the friend. "Know the chalk, and hang it up to-morrow, with an inscription that any one who may perceive anything particularly good in the picture, shall have liberty to mark the portion he admires."

The advice was taken, the painting was cleaned and hung again, and on the next day of this story, in the centre of our reciting. There is hardly any of the manuscript of the author, if you were occupied with something else. Why even the little thing that we devote to riddles, &c., does not escape censure—a friend having written us to the other day, that he had found a word in it that was not to be used some quibbet which we forgot) riddles and puzzles. But, if to suit him we were to strike out the latter, we should have to make a clean sweep, and the last of it from those whose first glance when they open the paper, is probably at that very portion.

The only thing under such circumstances for an editor to do, is to keep up the variety of his paper within, of course, the limits of propriety, and to give ever forever the hope of pleasing, entirely and altogether, any one class of his readers. In this way he may manage to give a number that of good to all—and by writing a few articles like the present, occasionally, he may contrive to instil into the minds of his readers a little forbearance, and the degree of toleration for tastes and wants that they cannot at all sympathize with or appreciate, but which nevertheless do exist, and which no nerve proper proprietor can neglect with impunity.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

The first day of 1847, in Philadelphia, was to mild, and fresh, and balmy as a spring morning, the consequence was that the early part of the 7 and Mon. The sun shone all day without being dimmed, we might almost say, by a single cloud; and the moon rose in the evening with its accustomed flash of glory. Such a New Year's day we do not remember ever before to have seen; but "the oldest inhabitant," whom duly it is our privilege to consult, has a faithful record of the weather upon important occasions, says that there was a similar day precisely twenty-two years ago—the 1st January, 1825—which is by a herald equally unremarkable and gladsome.

Our streets were filled to a greater extent, we thought, than in usual upon New Year's day, with the young and fair; and nothing occurred to mar the harmony of the day and the occasion, except, perhaps, the accident to a carriage from gone, plated, &c., made, in compliance with a most absurd and odious custom, over the grave of the old year and the birth of the new. Making allowance for the fact, however, the day was most charming in every respect; and it if to be an omen of what the coming year is to be to us, then the prospects for the year have lived to pass over the airy threshold of '47.

RELIEF FOR IRELAND.

A meeting of members of the Society of Friends was held on the 10th ult. at the Arch street meeting house, to take into consideration the condition of the suffering population of Ireland. An address to the people of the United States, and also a number of letters describing the misery and destitution that abound in that country. Committees were appointed to collect subscriptions, and contributions to eighteen hundred dollars were subscribed by those present. Thomas P. Cope, Benjamin H. Warder, Thomas Williamson and Thomas Kimber were appointed to receive the contributions tendered by the various committees, and transmit them to the Central Committee at Dublin.

GUN COTTON.

We see it stated that Isaac McAdie, Esq., of Canton, N. J., has succeeded in applying gun cotton to the propulsion of machinery, in a manner which promises to be of great use to the mechanical world. We give this as we find it—for, if it be true, it is a most extraordinary invention, even for this very extraordinary age, and decidedly "takes the cog off the fruit,"—and applies it to a good purpose.

NOBLE CONDUCT.

We have read of nothing since the commencement of the war, that showed more heroism of mind, than the conduct of the officers and crew of the Confederate privateer Florida, commanded by Capt. Maffitt, when the latter was compelled to run his vessel into Mobile Bay. The following is a correct account of the occurrence:—

"Finding that there was no chance of saving the vessel, and that she must inevitably be captured, Capt. Maffitt, Mr. Read, the first officer, and the crew, left the vessel and landed in safety on the beach. The vessel was then set on fire, and left to burn to the water's edge, and then, to prevent her being raised by the enemy, she was blown up. Capt. Maffitt, Mr. Read, and the crew, then proceeded to Mobile, where they were received with the most enthusiastic demonstrations of joy. The people turned out en masse to welcome them, and the reception tendered them was one of the most magnificent ever given in the city. The officers and crew were immediately furloughed for thirty days, and were feasted and caressed by the people. Capt. Maffitt, who was quite a favorite in Mobile before the war, was overwhelmed with attentions, and was the recipient of many costly presents. The officers and crew were also the recipients of many valuable presents, and were treated with the most marked attention. Capt. Maffitt and his officers and crew have certainly won for themselves a name that will be handed down to posterity with which the names of Paul Jones, Barry, and other heroes of the past will be honorably associated."

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As a specimen, however, of the notices we have received from the above papers, we may be allowed to quote those of the last three journals named:

"Peterson's Magazine for August is before us, and is, as usual, full of good reading matter, and is profusely illustrated with fine steel engravings. The first one is a beautiful picture, entitled 'Immediately after the battle.' A lady and her husband are discovered on the field of battle, the former bending over the latter, who is apparently mortally wounded. The picture is well executed, and is a beautiful one. Peterson's Magazine is one of the best publications in the country, and is always filled with the best literature. Terms, $2 per annum."

"Peterson's Saturday Post.—This most excellent family paper, we perceive by the last number received, has entered upon its fifteenth volume, and is still conducted by its able editor and proprietor, Henry Peterson. We have frequently had occasion to speak in the highest terms of the Saturday Post, and we are constantly receiving testimonials of its excellence. We are still more valuable to the family circle, and we should be almost inclined to consider it an indispensable requisite in every household. Peterson's Magazine, who had been partially disabled by a bad fall received in the firing of the Cumberland, is now entirely restored to health, and is at the helm. A lad by the name of Nutter jumped out of the boat and pulled Mr. Read ashore. Mr. Read, in return, gave the name of Reeves did the same thing. Mr. Hyman, a colored man, who was acting as a waiter on board of the Florida, left with them, and was also rewarded for their gallant conduct. Mr. Hyman was also highly complimented by Capt. Maffitt for the coolness and self-possession he displayed during the engagement."

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CHANGES OF FASHION.

We do not know when we have been more annoyed than upon the occasion of New Year's day. Some lovely young people of our acquaintance, hit upon a plan of celebrating the occasion in a manner both appropriate and worthy of the event. Each of the sections must be the best kind of a paper, and we intend giving it to them. We trust, therefore, that the friends will be ready to work for us, and that we will be sending on their individual subscriptions, as quickly as possible, in order that we may know at once how many Premiums we have to get to print during the coming year than the present.

☞ D. E. SPENCER, of Bridgeport, Ohio, is no longer Agent for the paper.

INFORMATION WANTED

Of the following named persons who are in account for prize money:

Of Dr. Merrick, formerly of St. Louis, Missouri.
Of E. Abernethy, formerly of Wilmington, N. C.
Of Henry V. Meigs, Esq., formerly of Columbus, Geo.
Of Lieutenant King, formerly of Little Fort, Illinois.
Of T. C. Wetherell, formerly of Davenport, Virginia.
Of A. Updegraff, formerly of New Carlisle, Ohio.
Of D. M. Reed, formerly of Ridgeway, New York.
Of Wm. M. Ferry, formerly of Grand Haven, Mich.
Of M. P. Wass, formerly of Mount Willing, Ala.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. H. P., Boston.—Your poem is received, but, after due reflection, we have concluded to make no public use of it, as we fear, however, much obliged to hear for it, as circumstances might arise to render a contribution of the kind be thirteen advisable.

Subscriber, Lancaster.—Parts of this are very good, but we think it might be improved.

"The Bear and Fox."—We do not think this is quite up to the average of the contributions we publish.

THIS WEEK.

We prize ourselves upon this week's paper. The two ladies' fine steel plate, and the other illustrations are assuredly written, but they illustrate each other admirably—while we think the other selections will be found both instructive and interesting.

WHAT IS WISDOM?

To the above question we do not know that it is possible to give any answer more generally correct than this—Wisdom is "that which" at every age have always seen that, in the passage of mankind through this world, dangers lie on either hand, and that by not inclining too much either to the right or to the left, the middle course is that of avoiding Charybdis at the same time that he escapes Scylla.

But, to go a little deeper into our subject, the nature of "that" that the line of wisdom, which is generally the path of safety and of wisdom, is to be found in the very nature of man. Every one at all accustomed to observe subject upon the world will wonderfully made fabric of man, perceives that well connects in the show of faculties, whose modulate is difficult and not commendable in one, and in one cannot absolutely necessary. And the reason of this is, perhaps, that the extravagant gratification of any one of these faculties is apt to affect the whole of man, from a being possessed of many and various powers, to a being of but comparatively limited powers. And this appears to be a necessity in man's nature, a necessity consequent upon the very fulness and completeness of his organization, that self-abandonment to the beliefs, if allowed through excessive ages, would reduce him to an inferior order of being.

Let us then that moderation is true wisdom—and we find in accordance with this sentiment, that the wisest men, those who by the common consent of mankind are entitled to that proud appellation, have always been most moderate in their opinions and their belief. In politics, in religion, and indeed in everything, the wisest men are the most sober. The wise man avoids extremes intuitively by. He knows that wherever truth may be, it is not in the hatred of the bigot, or the virulence of the partisan.

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THE LITCHFIELD CONVENTION.

The Litchfield, Conn., Republican, says:—

"Common justice is one of the first literary and moral virtues, and we are glad to see that the Litchfield speech is wood in commendation of the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post. No newspaper in the country has a better reputation for impartiality in its literary notices than the Saturday Evening Post. Its circulation is now over one hundred thousand copies, and is constantly increasing. The Post, in all who wish for a paper of high moral tone, and of intelligence and purity, with the publication or countenance of the obscene and vicious literature which is flooding the land, we know of favorers

United States SATURDAY POST.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, and Wisconsin, assisted by *James R. Smith, G. H. Comstock, T. Gardner Smith, J. T. Dent, E. Y. Jennings, F. J. Hanes and Geo. W. Bremer.*

JOHN NIMMO, Canada, East and West.

JNO. F. JOHNSTON, assisted by *Eli M. Stevenson*, for Kentucky.

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS is our Agent for Alabama and Tennessee.

ISRAEL E. JAMES is Agent for the Southern and South-Western States and Florida, assisted by *James K. Whipple, O. H. P. Stem, William H. Weld, John B. Weld, B. B. Bussey, T. S. Waterman, and John Collins.*

THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Penna.

JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

CHAS. S. ROWLEY will receive subscribers and subscriptions for this paper in the State of New York.

HOW MONEY MAY BE PAID TO PUBLISHERS.

The Post Master where the money (not exceeding ten dollars in amount) is deposited, must give a receipt to the person who deposited it, specifying the object, and the amount deposited. This receipt must be sent to the Publisher, who endorses and presents it to the Post Master where the money is payable.

The Post Master with whom the money is deposited, is also to report the amount paid to him, with the names of the parties, paying the same, and the newspaper or magazine for the payment of which it is deposited, to the Post Master through whom the same is to be paid to the Publisher.

The following is a form of the receipt which may be addressed to the Publisher:

POST OFFICE, *Melton, Pa., September*, 15, 1845.
Received from John Halsey, two dollars for subscription to the Philadelphia "Saturday Evening Post," from which I have deducted one per cent and charged myself with the amount thus paid me to my accounts with the Government. The Post Master at Philadelphia will pay the same to the Publishers, on the presentation of this receipt properly endorsed.
(Signed) JAMES JORDAN, Post Master.

By the same mail an acknowledgment similar to the following, is to be sent to the Post Master of Philadelphia:

POST OFFICE, *Melton, Pa., September* 15, 1845.
To the Post Master at Philadelphia:
SIR—I have this day received from *John Halsey*, two dollars for subscription to the Philadelphia "Saturday Evening Post," with which I have charged myself in my accounts with Government, agreeably to the Post Office regulations.
(Signed) JAMES JORDAN, Post Master.

Subscribers not choosing to avail themselves of the intervention of the Post Office regulation, can transmit, by mail, notes of solvent banks in payment of subscription, to the Publishers direct.

From Washington.

CONGRESSIONAL NEWS.

SENATE.

On the 30th ult., Mr. Johnson, of Louisiana, announced in appropriate terms, the decease of his lamented colleague, the Hon. Alexander Barrow, paying a just tribute to his high character and many virtues, and concluded by moving the usual resolutions. After appropriate remarks from Messrs. Benton, Breese, and Crittenden, the resolutions were adopted, and the Senate adjourned.

On the 31st ult., the Senators assembled in their chamber at 12 o'clock, to attend the funeral of Mr. Barrow. The coffin containing his remains was placed in the area in front of the Secretary's desk. The President and members of the Cabinet were present, the members of the other House came in shortly after. After a prayer from the Rev. Mr. Sprole, an impressive discourse was delivered by the Rev. Mr. Slicer concluding with the benediction. At 1 o'clock, precisely, the procession was put in motion and proceeded to the Congressional Burying Ground.

On the 4th instant a message was received from the President, asking for an increase of the regular army and the appointment of a Lieutenant General, which was referred to the Military Committee. A similar reference was made of a message from the President in relation to the mails to and from the army.

Mr. Cameron presented a petition from Bradford county, Pa., for the abolition of slavery. The question as to its reception was laid on the table.

Mr. Cameron also presented a petition from Easton College, to allow the importation of books and instruments free of duty; a memorial to aid the construction of the railroad to the Pacific ocean, and also a memorial praying Congress to bring the war to a speedy close. Mr. C. said that no man in Pennsylvania desired that the war should be ended but by an honorable peace.

Mr. Jarnegan's resolution calling on the War Department for copies of the instructions to the Cherokee commissioners, was adopted.

The bill to reduce and graduate the prices of the public lands came up, and was made the special order of the day for Monday next.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

On the 30th ult., a personal explanation was made by Mr. Starkweather, who stated that in his remarks of the previous day, he had not said that he did not consider Col. Baker irresponsible; he did consider him responsible, because he had received in travelling expenses as Colonel and mileage as a member of the House some twenty-seven hundred dollars.

Mr. Harralson, from the Military Committee, reported back the resolution offered by Col. Baker, amended so as to require that the clothing for the volunteers should be delivered to the Quarter Master. Adopted.

Col. Baker made a personal explanation, and quoted precedents to show that he might occupy his seat and address the House. It was his desire that clothing should be provided for the volunteers, and it was indifferent to him what agent should be charged with its delivery. Mr. Schenck offered a resolution instituting an inquiry into the right by which Col. Baker claims to hold his seat in the House while holding a commission under the Government as Colonel.

Col. Baker said he had no objection to the resolution, but did not wish his name dragged before the country; he should therefore leave to-morrow, and would now take leave of the House. The resolution was withdrawn.

On the 2d inst., the first business in order was the resolution to prevent members from making excuses for not voting. The resolution was adopted—85 to 73.

The States were then called in order for resolutions, and a great number were offered, chiefly unimportant.

Among those offered, were resolutions—

To inquire into the expediency of setting apart a tract of land in Oregon for the Indians West of the Rocky Mountains, to be held by them in perpetuity, and securing to them rights independent of the government of the United States.

To inquire into the expediency of establishing the duties on the articles in the present tariff at the revenue standard.

To inquire into the expediency of reducing the pay of members of Congress, and others, twenty-five per cent., during the continuance of the war.

Of inquiry, whether the money bequeathed by James Smithson was in the treasury on the 1st of January, 1847.

To inquire into the expediency of imposing an ad valorem tax on gold and silver plate, &c., &c.

Calling on the Secretary of the Treasury for information as to whether secret travelling agents are or have been employed by the department, and paid from the treasury.

Of inquiry, relative to the trial and execution of seamen on board ship Cumberland.

Calling on the Secretary of War to report how many regiments have been employed near the mouth of the Rio Grande since the commencement of the war, the number of deaths, number discharged, &c.

Relative to the better organization of the militia of the United States.

A series in regard to the war, its causes and objects.

The bill to increase the pay of the army of the United States was made the special order for Tuesday next.

The bill for the better organization of the army—raising ten additional regiments—was made the special order for Monday.

Mr. Wentworth offered a resolution, declaring that it is inexpedient to levy a duty on tea and coffee. Mr. Payne moved to lay the resolution on the table. Negatived, 49 to 160. The resolution, by yeas and nays, was then adopted—yeas, 115, nays, 48.

Mr. Sims, of Missouri, offered a resolution, declaring that the people of the United States are too patriotic to refuse any necessary tax in time of war. Mr. Rathbun moved to lay the resolution on the table; motion lost, 22 to 107. The resolution, by yeas and nays, was then adopted—yeas 120, nays *none!*

On the 4th inst., Mr. Preston King asked leave to introduce a bill substantially the same as that introduced last session, appropriating thirty thousand dollars for the opening of negotiations, and two millions to enable the President to conclude a treaty of peace with Mexico. The House refused to suspend the rules by a vote of 88 to 82.

Personal explanations were then made between Messrs. Bailey and Davis, and the offensive expressions made by both parties withdrawn.

The message from the President was then read. It recommends the adoption of the Secretary of War's suggestion for the increased efficiency and better organization of the army, the increase of officers of the regular army, and particularly of higher grades; and that the appointment of a general officer, to take command of all the forces called into the field during the war, was desirable, in order that efficient measures should be taken to terminate the war before the warm season commences.

On motion of Mr. Harralson, the message was referred to the Military Committee. The special order of the day was taken up in Committee of the Whole, being the bill authorizing the raising of ten regiments, to be added to the regular army. Various amendments were offered by Messrs. Tibbatts and Harralson. Mr. Geaughy addressed the Committee in opposition to the war. Robert Dale Owen and Mr. Hamlin followed in support of the bill, after which the Committee rose and the House adjourned.

From the Seat of War

FROM THE ARMY.

About two hundred sick had been received at the Hospital, at Matamoras, within a few days.

The regiments were breaking up their encampments, and were about to commence their march for Tampico.

The 3d and 4th Illinois Regiments have left Matamoras, and commenced their march for Tampico. A part of the Tennessee cavalry regiment marched with them, and the remainder will follow in due time. The combined strength of the three regiments is not more than eighteen hundred men—the two Illinois regiments furnishing little over half the number, sickness and death having reduced them one third of their original strength.

Deaths were less frequent in the Hospital than during the fall and summer months.

Murders continue to take place in the interior; three had occurred between Camargo and Monterey.

The steamship Alabama left New Orleans on the 24th for Brazos, and it was believed for Tampico. Gen. Scott and staff were among the passengers.

At Monterey, Gen. Taylor was busied in getting ready to move upon Victoria, expecting at that place to form a junction with General Patterson, who moves from Matamoras. General Taylor could not possibly move with a larger force than 3,500 all told, and leave a sufficient garrison in Monterey. General Patterson may possibly be able to move hence with from 2,000 to 2,500 men. Of the large volunteer force sent out here last summer and fall, nearly one half have died, been discharged, or are now invalided—hence the small forces the general commanding and general of division move with.

The Mexican paper published at St. Luis, advocates the policy of maintaining, on the part of Mexico, a defensive war, and waiting for attacks in good positions, rather than to advance upon those of the U. S. army. A policy which they say will sooner "conquer a peace" with our government than can the force of our arms one with theirs.

A passenger in schooner H. T. Johnson at New Orleans from Tampico, states that an attack was made on Tampico by an advance force of cavalry nearly 7000 strong, on the 16th. The number attacking was about 300. The American forces opened a park of artillery on them, when they speedily retired.

On the 16th, a Mexican was captured while entering a magazine at Camargo, it is supposed his intention was to blow it up. It was reported that Santa Anna was advancing from San Luis, on Saltillo, to cut off Gen. Worth.

FROM MEXICO.

Santa Anna was purging his army of all the officers against whom there was the remotest suspicion of cowardice, retaining only such as he had the most implicit confidence in as to their bravery and skill.

Gen. Ampudia, Col. Caraco and others whose names are not stated, have been imprisoned and charged with cowardice.

An order had been issued by Santa Anna, dooming to instant death any officer who shall disgrace his flag by cowardice or unofficerlike conduct in battle.

There is a general desire expressed by the Mexican soldiers to be led against the enemy.

There have been revolutions at Campeachy and Tobasco, which have resulted in the separation of those States from the Central Government.

It is alleged by the revolutionists of Tobasco that a full representation had been made to the supreme government as to the defenceless state of that department, together with the recent invasion by the Americans, but that government had disregarded their prayers. For this and numerous other considerations they declare that the State of Tobasco disavows the government of the Republic, and will henceforth regulate her internal administration upon a basis more liberal and adequate to the circumstances of the existing war.

Private letters from Tampico state that the men were suffering greatly from intermittent fevers. The impression prevailed that Herrera would be elected President of Mexico on the opening of Congress, and that overtures for peace would be immediately made. A further correspondence between General Taylor and Santa Anna is published. Gen. Taylor's letter concludes with a hope that the Mexican Congress will accept the offer of the United States, and enter on negotiations for the termination of hostilities and the establishment of a permanent peace. Santa Anna replies from San Luis in a courteous manner, and in conclusion says that he hopes the National Congress will act as shall be most conducive to the interests of the Republic, but that he believes neither Congress nor any Mexican will ever be able to listen to any overture, unless the national territory shall first be evacuated by the forces of the United States and the hostile attitude of the vessels of war in front of their ports be withdrawn. Until this takes place the nation is determined to defend, at every hazard, its territory, inch by inch.

HOW MATTERS STAND.

At the last advices the following was the position of affairs at the Seat of War:

Gen. Wool's column was within two miles of Parras, numbering 2,900 men, and were ordered to establish a depot there, and levy upon supplies belonging to the Mexican Government. They have already taken a large quantity of flour, wheat and corn. The first and second regiments of Indiana had marched from Camargo and joined Gen. Wool. Gen. Worth was at Saltillo with 1,500 men. Gen. Butler was at Monterey with 2,000. Generals Twiggs and Smith, with their commands, were at Victoria. General Quitman, with his brigade, left Monterey for Victoria on the 14th. Gen. Taylor, with a squadron of dragoons, left for Victoria, 15th. Gen. Patterson was to leave on the 22d, with Tennessee regiment of cavalry, for Tampico via Victoria. The Alabama volunteers, 2d artillery, have arrived already. Lieut. Col. Henry Clay, with six companies Kentucky volunteers, at Ceralvo. Capt. Willis, with two companies, at Mier. Gen. Lamar's company at Laredo.

The following was the number of troops in service Dec. 5th —

REGULARS.

In the field, officers and men, including general staff,	6,015
Troops at sea, and under orders to join the army,	1,698
Recruits *en route* for the seat of war,	762
Aggregate regulars in campaign,	8,475

VOLUNTEERS.

In the field,	15,745
At sea, for California,	769
Aggregate volunteers in campaign,	16,514

This makes the total force at that time within a fraction of 25,000. Of these, we learn from the Union, that Major General Taylor has 18,332 under his command; General Wool, 2,600, and General Kearny, 3,992. Add to these the nine additional regiments recently called into service and it swells the whole amount to more than 30,000.

AFFRAYS AT MONTEREY.

Quite a small war has been waged at Monterey, according to accounts, between the Kentucky regiment and the Mexican inhabitants. A correspondent of the N. O. Delta, under date of December 1st, says:—

"It is thought that not less than forty Mexicans have been killed within the last five days, fifteen of whom, it is said, were killed in one day, and within the scope of one mile. From this you will see that the boys are determined to have and to take revenge for the assassination of their comrades. When it is known that no Mexican, since the commencement of the war, has been punished for outrages committed on the persons and property of American soldiers, and they have been numerous, many persons will look at the course pursued by the Louisville Legion in a light far from condemnation, and whilst regretting the circumstances which have led to it, they will ask you the question, 'Shall we rest quietly in our tents whilst the enemy is lying in ambush and murdering our comrades as they pass the roads?' Ever since the occupation of Matamoras by our troops, the Mexicans have been cutting off our men whenever they could be found in convenient places for the job, and the compliment has been invariably returned, generally two for one, and this, too, in many cases, without regard to the Scriptures giving out, that it is 'better to let ninety-nine guilty go, than punish one innocent man.' The first of these difficulties, in different places, had their origin in the Mexican disposition to rob, to accomplish which they will murder an American, if it be only to get possession of the clothes upon his body. Retaliation is sure to follow, and in many cases the innocent have to suffer for the crimes committed by their guilty countrymen. This is a state of society deeply to be regretted, and no man in and out of Mexico would feel more pleasure in recording a termination of such proceedings; but I candidly believe they will continue to exist as long as the difficulties between the two countries remain in the present unsettled state. The civil authorities of Mexico refuse to take cognizance of any offence committed by our men. The military law here seems to think it has no jurisdiction over Americans out of the army."

Clippings.

☞ The Grand Jury of Madison, Wisconsin, presented the practice of gambling, by members of the Legislature, as a nuisance.

☞ There are six hundred and twenty thousand young ladies at this moment receiving their education in French Convents.

☞ Dr. Webster is said to have realized one hundred and forty thousand dollars from the copyright of his spelling book.

☞ A line of omnibuses has been established in London which conveys passengers five miles for two pence.

☞ Dr. Lardner's second marriage to Mrs Heavyside is now said to be as illegal as the first.

☞ Dickinson College, in this State, has 164 students, an increase over last year.

☞ Washington Irving's Life of Mahomet, is nearly ready for the press.

☞ The whole length of the Connecticut River Railroad is completed.

☞ Twelve feet water in the channel at Pittsburg on the 31st ult.

General News.

"NINETEENTH YEAR."—The old Germans of our State and perhaps of other States, have a notion that every nineteenth year has peculiar characteristics, by which we understand, such as are farmers who entertain it, are more or less governed in their agricultural pursuits and operations. The peculiarities attributed by them to what they denominate the "Nineteenth Year," are an open winter during which farmers can plough through nearly the whole season; a protracted spring and a scarcity of snow and ice. This year, or this season, they say is the nineteenth year, the last being the year and season of 1827. By reference to that year, it is remembered by old inhabitants that it was an open winter, and that ice was so scarce that Mr. Moliere, unable to lay in a stock from this neighborhood, was compelled to secure a quantity of the article from a distance, which circumstance, the importation of ice to our city, was then considered "something new under the sun." Indications of the present season thus far seem to favor this notion of our worthy old Germans, and perhaps a seasonable hint to those interested in either a cold winter and short spring, or an open and mild winter and protracted spring, may not be amiss.—*Public Ledger.*

THE PROFITS OF THIEVES.—It is stated in the Police Gazette that twenty-nine notorious thieves and burglars in the cities of New York, Boston and Philadelphia have stolen property, since 1831, amounting to $1,800,000; the amount received by arrests, compromises and convictions, $850,000, leaving a balance in favor of the thieves of $950,000. This would make quite a profitable business, if it were not for the fact that one-half of the party are now in the various State Prisons, rendering service for the property they have so unjustly acquired.

GREAT ESCAPE.—The falls at Rochester were very high and rapid last week. On Thursday the ice in the river commenced breaking up, when 150 boys were skating upon it. They all started for the shore, when the ice began to crash, and in *five minutes* the ice broke into small pieces and moved with great rapidity towards the falls. Had the skaters remained a few moments longer, the rapid current would have carried them over the falls.

A REMEDY WORSE THAN THE DISEASE.—A physician of Belem, province of Para, Brazil, pretends to cure epilepsy by a singular remedy. He makes his patients drink warm human blood. When, therefore, an execution takes place, he arranges the persons afflicted with this frightful malady, near the scaffold, and carries thence to each a glass of this beverage. The doctor is about to publish a work explanatory of his system.

THE COAL TRADE.—The Reading Railroad Company sent 1,233,561 tons over the road last year, being only 16,438 tons less than the managers estimated the capacity of the road. The quantity sent to market from all the regions in 1846, is in round numbers 2,238,000 tons, against 2,052,633 tons in 1845.

MORE TROUBLE.—The Van Buren (Ark.) Intelligencer of the 12th ult., says:—We learn that some one or more of the volunteers, so supposed, who are now stationed at Fort Gibson have recently killed two Cherokees. The Cherokees are greatly excited, and we hear that they loudly demand redress.

BOMB SHELLS.—Six hundred and twenty tons of bomb shells are at Albany, destined for the Gulf of Mexico, independent of large quantities at other places. This looks like hot work. One hundred and fifty boats are ready at New York, Philadelphia, &c., to be despatched to land soldiers.

☞ The New Orleans Picayune, alluding to rumors of the pacific disposition of the Mexicans, says:—"We have no faith whatever in the good disposition of the Mexicans, never having met a trace of such a feeling in any of their papers."

GREAT AGE.—A negro woman, named "Old Aunt Peggy," born in Virginia, has died near Washington, in the 120th year of her age. She remained among the several generations of the family in which she was raised.

☞ A dealer from New York has recently purchased in Burlington and Monmouth counties, three thousand hogs, at five dollars per hundred. It is said the hogs will weigh on an average three hundred pounds.

Political Intelligence

MASSACHUSETTS.—The two vacant Districts are probably filled. The Whigs having elected their regular candidates, Messrs. King and Palfrey, if the latter is not defeated by an alleged informality in the election.

MAINE.—In the Gloucester and Danville district, upon the sixth trial, Charles Megquire, Democrat, was elected member of the Maine House of Representatives by a majority of two votes.

ARKANSAS.—An election for a member of Congress took place recently in Arkansas. The returns render it probable that T. W. Newton, Democrat, is elected.

Items of News.

THE INDEPENDENT TREASURY LAW.—It will be remembered that after the first day of January, 1847, the Independent Treasury law requires all postages at the different offices throughout the country to be paid in gold and silver—and that the Postmasters are compelled to demand and to receive nothing else than gold or silver for postage of letters, papers, &c.

CHRISTMAS.—The Boston Journal revives the following transcript from the laws of Massachusetts Colony, in 1651:—

"Whosoever shall be found observing any such day as Christmas and the like, either by forbearing labor, feasting, or any other way, upon such an account as aforesaid, every such person, so offending, shall pay for such offence five shillings, as a fine to the colony."

TELEGRAPH DIVIDEND.—At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the New York and Buffalo Telegraph Company, held at Utica, a dividend of three per cent. on the earnings of that Company for the first five months was declared, payable on the 15th of February next.

FERTILITY OF THE COAL REGION.—A letter from the Summit Mines, Carbon County, informs us of the fact that a woman at Nesquehoning, presented her husband with a Christmas gift of *four daughters* at one birth.

STRANGE SEASON.—The peach trees are in bloom at Wilmington, N. C., and all the evidences of Spring are displayed in that neighborhood. House flies, butterflies and Spring birds are to be seen in the gardens at New York.

THE TELEGRAPH.—The Pittsburg papers tell of a man who brought quite a large package to the Telegraph office in that city, and was quite shocked when he found it could not be sent through to Philadelphia.

A NEW COUNTY.—Great exertions are being made to have the Legislature organize a new County out of parts of Berks, Chester and Montgomery. The people of Berks are opposed to it.

IMPORTANT DEATH.—An Ourang Outang died at Alexandria, (Va.) on the 20th ultimo. These animals do not flourish out of the great streets of great cities, like New York and Philadelphia.

WEATHER IN IOWA.—A letter from Davenport, Iowa, dated Dec. 18th, says—"The weather thus far has been mild and beautiful, and there is little ice in the Upper Mississippi."

IRON.—Forty tons of Missouri pig iron were brought to St. Louis the other day in a keel boat from St. Genevieve, the product of the great iron mountain of that State.

POISONOUS CHEESE.—Several families in New York recently suffered severely from eating cheese which contained some poisonous substance.

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PROSPECTUS FOR 1847.

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A MERCANTILE JOURNAL.

Every week we shall furnish our readers with an accurate account of the condition of the Philadelphia Markets—The Prices and Sales of Country Produce, &c., and the Cattle Market. Our Bank Note List is also carefully corrected weekly, and the prices of various stocks given. CAREFUL ATTENTION WILL BE PAID TO THIS IMPORTANT PART OF OUR PAPER TO MAKE IT ACCURATE AND RELIABLE.

AN AGRICULTURAL JOURNAL.

As the Farming Interest is a most important one, we are careful never to omit anything in the Post that would prove of interest to our Agricultural subscribers—and, every week, at least a column of our paper is filled with the best matter that can be selected from the various Agricultural Journals.

NEWS.

Much care is taken to collect for the readers of the Post the latest and most important intelligence upon all subjects of public interest. Domestic, Foreign, Congressional, and other News will ever be furnished as speedily as possible.

PORTRAITS AND PICTURES.

Portraits of distinguished men, Pictures of remarkable places, also, shall not be forgotten. And we shall endeavor always to have some such embellishment in our columns to add to their variety and beauty.

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Selected Poetry.

LABOR.

BY T. BUCHANAN READ.

"Labor, labor!" calleth the earth,
And the fire, with voice divorcèd,
"Labor, sisters, labor!" cry
Wheel and spindle, hammer and loom,
Speeds or labor is sure to die!

"Labor, labor!" in the harbor
Creaks the wain with the heavy cargo;
And the stiff-limbed sailor hies,
Where sunny isles gleam like dreams,
"Labor, labor!" grows the idle ocean,
As the electric fire were upon it,
Burning like that vast serpent,
"Labor, labor!" soars the heart;
Yea, the heart of man seems to say,
While it labors for the right,
Hear the Ancient and Eternal,
In the Word which He hath blest,
Saying, "Six days shalt thou labor,
On the seventh thou shalt rest!"

Then labor on, through the palpitating
Whom the stillness week in fear,
To behold the blacksmith's eyelove
Pale beneath the dusky dye;
And to think the doors of labor
Are all closing up 'tis true!

Interesting Essay.

CLIMATES OF EUROPE AND AMERICA.

[Our readers will understand that there is much double difference between the climates of Europe and North America, in the same latitudes—this country being the exceedingly much colder. The following passage is a account for it is from Sir Francis Head's new work, The Emigrant.]

"It is well known that, as far as temperature is concerned, cold is ascertained by altitude, as it is by latitude; practically, that by ascending a steep mountain in Hindostan we discover every zone, with unerringly any alteration of latitude, and in a few hours, the most change of temperature which we could acquire in long journey from the east to the north; in reality, all these appear that in the hottest regions of the globe there exist impassable boundaries of cold proportionate in intensity to their respective altitudes.

"Now, as soon as moisture or vapor enters these mountain-barriers, it becomes condensed into rain, and in the winter of northern zone it is frozen into snow, which, from its specific gravity, constantly descending, and therefore it is protected, even the surface of the ground, an emblem of the cold from which it has proceeded.

"Under the same obvious of the case, it is evident that this snow is as much a stranger in the land on which it is reposing, as a Laplander is who visits Kinloss, or as Sir Walter Scott would be, were a parish in which he is not entitled to settle; must, and therefore, just as the parish officers, immediately after the burial of the last, proceed to eject the pauper, so does nature proceed to eject the cold that has taken temporary possession of land to which it does not owe its birth; and the process of ejectment is as follows:—

"The superincumbent atmosphere, warmed by the sun, melts the portions of the snow that will be soon as the former has taken to itself a portion of the cold; the wind, bringing with it a new atmosphere, re-mixes the precipitation; and thus, until the snow of many is either effectually ejected, or materially diminished.

"But while the combined action of sun and wind was producing this simple effect in the old world, there existed in the northern regions of the new world a physical obstacle to the operation. I allude to the interminable forest, through the boughs and branches of which the descending snow falls, until reaching the ground it remains hidden from the sun, and protected from the wind, and then every day's snow adds to the accumulation, until the whole region is converted into an icy desert, which is not frozen, from which there slowly but continually arises like a mist from the ground, a stratum of cold air, which the north-west prevailing wind wafts over the world, and which freezes everything in its way.

"The effect of air passing over ice is curiously exemplified on the Atlantic, where, at certain periods of the year, all of a sudden, and often during the night, there suddenly comes over every passenger a cold mysterious chill, like the hand of death itself, caused by the vicinity of a floating iceberg. Next, it is common to reflect that while every back woodsman in America is occupying himself, as he thinks, solely for his own interest, or clearing his farm, from the trees which, falling under his axe, admits a patch of sunshine to the earth, in an infinitesimal degree softens and ameliorates the climate of the vast continent around him; and yet, as the portion of cleared land in North America, compared with that which remains uncleared, has been and remains to be exceed that which, by means of a cast bear to the whole garment, it is evident, that although the sensitive of the Anglo-Saxon race has no doubt softened the climate of North America, the axe is too weak an instrument to produce any appreciable change.

"But one of the most wonderful characteristics of Nature is the manner in which she, often unobservedly, produces great effects from causes so minute as to be almost intrinsic, and, accordingly, which the human race—so far as an alteration of climate is concerned—are labouring almost in vain in the regions in question, because of little else, except that it may sound, are and for many years have been, and essentially altering the climate of the great continent of North America.

"The manner in which they unconsciously perform this important duty is as follows:—They strip, fell, and torment the wild animals to such a degree, that, especially in summer, the poor creatures, the those in Abyssinia, Central Africa, and Europe, are driven by the instinct of self-preservation, to the regions of arctic, and, to get rid of their annoyance, wherever the forest happened to be on fire, they hasten to it, and, regardless of every knowing quite well that the flames would drive to him he pause, instead of his being obliged to toil in search of it; and having experienced twenty proved eminently successful, the Indians for many years have been, and still are, in the habit of burning tracts of wood or timber that, from very high and scientific authority, I have been informed, then the amount of land then burned under the influence of the first hot summer's sun, is sufficient of acres, and that it has been, and still is, materially changing the climate of North America."

Selected Articles.

MODERN THEATRICALS.

The Editor of the 'Boston Times," who is evidently a man well versed in theatrical matters, makes the following discourse on the subject in the method of conducting a modern Temple of the Muses:

"Of late years, theatres have apparently fallen into the hands of actors, necessitating stock prices, starring men, and such like, who, having no capital, invest that actual capital, their talent, only to the amount of cash that may be realized, as well as (in many instances,) pandering to their own individual likings.

"Foreign markets, too, have been imported, to appear, almost in a state of nakedness upon the boards, displaying their feet in ample show of forty-degrees, walking about upon the extreme ends of their toes, squinting at the boys in the pit, and exhibiting themselves in the most unbecoming and indelicate fashion. One ignorant of the modus operandi of theatrical management would suppose these exhibitions of naked and wretchedly attired females upon the stage, mere subjects of great interest to even a respectable class of the community; from the fact, that theatres are not unfrequently crowded by genteel looking persons, who ring their heads, throw their canes and umbrellas might and main at every indecent gesture or surrounded the gilded bird of incontinuous song stalks. But such is not the case, for no respectable female would, (we will a gentleman not her by) witness such fulsome exhibitions. Then who are these up-

Rosemary inhales, on the authority of M. de Jussieu, that a young Persian lady could never enter the magnificent of rolling or gilded chamber without being overcome by the odour of the rose. They are said to take baths at least this was the opinion of the celebrated Mezis, Scharman, who not only ate them, but justified her taste by saying, that she was born under Scorpio. Latreille informs us that the sensitive plant, (mimosa pudica,) has the effect of alluring the male insect to the female. Will, Colonel Denham, the celebrated African traveller, relates that the agreeable odor indicates—as in Bonbons, the rich tallow, as in Major Rehbergen, the popular of the Sea Shell Fish, as in Captain Hall, the Sea Weed, as in Captain the United States Navy, and Baudoin, published of "climbing out genus flower." Why should not the odour of the rose, as well as the smell of cassia, pleasing it in his breeches pocket, "All right," says he. Possessed the gardner was accustomed that Mad. Fadlby, the well known dancer is engaged, the air night-cap, with her corps de ballet of dancers beautiful young ladies. The latter are accustomed to a certain class of people rush in to see, what they shall see, men of the town making gestures to the half naked creatures on the stage, and cracking obscene jokes to their companions.

* * * *

"This is home to be applicable, in a general way, to the mode of sustaining those depressed establishments in our theatres, and we feel incensed at the press in general for not taking the matter in hand, and either of the city were to be found in the house of the theatre upon such occasions. We trust that the above newspaper assertions have now been applied, with a society of truth, to the refined and fashionable life of Boston."

OPENING OF THE U. S. SENATE.

For an hour before 12, the "How do do's" and "ha ha's" at the gate and reverend fathers of the Senate, kept up a merry chorus. "Ah! how do you? how do you?" "Well, how's the old North State?" "Ah! hah! hah! how?"—"Here's the Richmond?" "Here's Christ?"

At 4 quarter past 12 (without prayers, there being no Chaplain) the Vice President called the Senate to order. Forty-two Senators present, who are then named and described by the correspondent of the N. Y. Herald:

Mr. Allen, tall and straight as Oli Hickory.
Archer, just as fine looking as he was in 1841.
Atchinson, pretty much of the same sort.
Atherton, about half the attitude.
Benton, a solid, substantial picture.
Bartow, "I am his Oracle."
Bagby, who has the reverend appearance of a

Breese, who looks like him not in the least.
Colhoun, the ragleyrod.
Crittenden, undiminished of '49
Cass, a heavy edition of Ben Franklin.
Chalmers, a little package neatly done up.
Clifford, weather-wise like an old sailor.
T. Clayton, the silent man.
Colquitt, the sketcher.
Corwin, the dark-haired wagoner.
Cuttenden, the blade with two edges.
Davis, the man of the last word.
Dickinson, the antagonist of Webster. Ready for another fight.
Dix, no man's adversary; but equal to the best.
Evans, whose shrinking of the case, it is evident that this snow is as much a stranger in the land on which it is reposing, as a Laplander is who visits Kinloss, or as Sir Walter Scott would be, were a parish in which he is not entitled to settle must, and therefore, just as the parish officers, immediately after the burial of the last, proceed to eject the pauper, so does nature proceed to eject the cold that has taken temporary possession of land to which it does not owe its birth; and the process of ejectment is as follows:—

"The superincumbent atmosphere, warmed by the sun, melts the portions of the snow that will be soon as the former has taken to itself a portion of the cold; the wind, bringing with it a new atmosphere, re-mixes the precipitation; and thus, until the snow of many is either effectually ejected, or materially diminished.

"But while the combined action of sun and wind was producing this simple effect in the old world, there existed in the northern regions of the new world a physical obstacle to the operation. I allude to the interminable forest, through the boughs and branches of which the descending snow falls, until reaching the ground it remains hidden from the sun, and protected from the wind, and then every day's snow adds to the accumulation, until the whole region is converted into an icy desert, which is not frozen, from which there slowly but continually arises like a mist from the ground, a stratum of cold air, which the north-west prevailing wind wafts over the world, and which freezes everything in its way.

"The effect of air passing over ice is curiously exemplified on the Atlantic, where, at certain periods of the year, all of a sudden, and often during the night, there suddenly comes over every passenger a cold mysterious chill, like the hand of death itself, caused by the vicinity of a floating iceberg. Next, it is common to reflect that while every back woodsman in America is occupying himself, as he thinks, solely for his own interest, or clearing his farm, from the trees which, falling under his axe, admits a patch of sunshine to the earth, in an infinitesimal degree softens and ameliorates the climate of the vast continent around him; and yet, as the portion of cleared land in North America, compared with that which remains uncleared, has been and remains to be exceed that which, by means of a cast bear to the whole garment, it is evident, that although the sensitive of the Anglo-Saxon race has no doubt softened the climate of North America, the axe is too weak an instrument to produce any appreciable change.

"But one of the most wonderful characteristics of Nature is the manner in which she, often unobservedly, produces great effects from causes so minute as to be almost intrinsic, and, accordingly, which the human race—so far as an alteration of climate is concerned—are labouring almost in vain in the regions in question, because of little else, except that it may sound, are and for many years have been, and essentially altering the climate of the great continent of North America.

"The manner in which they unconsciously perform this important duty is as follows:—They strip, fell, and torment the wild animals to such a degree, that, especially in summer, the poor creatures, the those in Abyssinia, Central Africa, and Europe, are driven by the instinct of self-preservation, to the regions of arctic, and, to get rid of their annoyance, wherever the forest happened to be on fire, they hasten to it, regardless of every knowing quite well that the flames would drive to him he pause, instead of his being obliged to toil in search of it; and having experienced twenty proved eminently successful, the Indians for many years have been, and still are, in the habit of burning tracts of wood or timber that, from very high and scientific authority, I have been informed, then the amount of land then burned under the influence of the first hot summer's sun is sufficient of acres, and that it has been, and still is, materially changing the climate of North America."

Selected Articles.

MODERN THEATRICALS.

The Editor of the 'Bostonian," who is evidently a man well versed in theatrical matters, makes the following discourse on the subject in the method of conducting a modern Temple of the Muses:

"Of late years, theatres have apparently fallen into the hands of actors, necessitating stock prices, starring men, and such like, who, having no capital, invest that actual capital, their talent, only to the amount of cash that may be realized, as well as (in many instances,) pandering to their own individual likings.

"Foreign markets, too, have been imported, to appear, almost in a state of nakedness upon the boards, displaying their feet in ample show of forty-degrees, walking about upon the extreme ends of their toes, squinting at the boys in the pit, and exhibiting themselves in the most unbecoming and indelicate fashion. Then who are these up-

NEW ENGLAND WOMEN.

(The following passages, upon the women of New England, occur in a poem by W. E. Channing:

New England women are New England's pride;
"The fitting they should be so, they are free—
Inspiration doth ill dare with them to be.
Both deeds more charming than all scenery.
I could not dwell beside them and not be
Ensnared of them greatly; they are meant
To charm the past by their pure intent.

Sweet, honest, homely of their lot,
Cheerful to work, and happy when 'tis done,
They show like roses within the hawthorn cot,
And speak for fearless nurture and for one
From every siren's side I hear the set
Of some New England women answer me,
"Joy to our Mothers, who did make us free!"

It seems a happy thing that I was born
In rough New England, here that I may be,
Among a race reborn all-manhood sires;
A plain, strong race, deep-rooted as a tree,—
And I am most content my ancestry
Is one back no further than New England's date,
What merit is King or Lord where men I state.

Portrait Gallery.

JOSEPH BONAPARTE.

JOSEPH BONAPARTE.

Joseph, the eldest brother of Napoleon, of all the members of his family the one to whom the Emperor placed the greatest confidence, was born Jan. 7, 1768, in Corsica. He was educated at the College of Autun, in Burgundy. In 1792 he became a member of the departmental administration of Corsica, under the presidency of the celebrated Pascal Paoli. When the English took possession of Corsica, Joseph returned to Marseilles, where he married the daughter of M. Clary, a rich citizen of that place. Joseph accompanied his brother in the campaign of Italy, and was despatched by him to Paris, to convince the directory of the necessity of concluding a peace with the King of Sardinia. He succeeded, and was sent as minister to Parma, and then ambassador to Rome, which city he left in consequence of the murder of General Duphot. He was next Secretary of the Council of Five Hundred When Napoleon was in Egypt, effected in Paris the big in a disastrous state. Joseph dispatched the Greek, Bernhardi, to his brother, to urge his return. He assisted at the execution of Brumaire which placed Napoleon at the head of the Consular Government. Under the Consulate, Joseph was President of the Council of State, and the treaty which terminated the differences between the United States and France, was signed at his estate of Mortefontaine, September 30, 1800. When Napoleon became Emperor, he declared Joseph and his child does heirs to the throne, in case of his own death without issue. During the campaign of 1805, Joseph presided in the Senate and administered the government. In 1806, by order of the Emperor he invaded and conquered the kingdom of Naples, and was created King of those countries. Joseph's wise and salutary regulations effected a complete political and moral regeneration. Unfortunately Napoleon afterwards placed him at the head of affairs in Spain, where his efforts were destined to be completely defeated. The victory of Wagram ran at Vittoria, was the closing disaster of his reign as King of Spain.

After the events of 1815, Joseph retired to the United States, bought land, and erected a beautiful country seat near Bordentown, New Jersey, where he resided as philosophical retirement for many years. He afterwards re-visited Europe, and died at Florence.

A Fine Poem.

WHAT SHALL BE THE END OF THESE THINGS?

Wists another life is added
To the hearing turbid mass,
When another breath of being
Raises existence's heaving glass;
When the first cry, weak and piteous,
Heralds its beginning dawn,
And a soul from non-existence
Springs, that was not, to be again:
When the mother's pre-innate welcome
Borrow like hers forth in tears,
And the new's self participates
Prophesies of future years—
It is well we cannot see
What the end shall be.

When across the infant features
Trembles the first hue of mind;
When the heart looks from the windows
Of the eyes that are unclosed;
When the incoherent nonsense
Syllable each enrolled thought
To the fact not of affection,
But of sense;
With a heedless premise fraught,
Looking grave things to be learned
From that dull uncertain ray,
As by glimmering of the twilight
Is foreshadowed the day—
It is well we cannot see
What the end shall be.

When the boy upon the threshold
Of his all compelling home,
Par'a eats the new material
That enlarges him ere he roam;
When the raucous of his vernal
Plotters to the farming gales,
Years of solitary exile
Hold in strange vasie;
When his pains beat with ardor,
And his senses stretch for toil,
And a hundred bold emprises
Lure him to their embroil—
It is well we cannot see
What the end shall be.

When the youth beside the mirror
Looks into her credulous eyes;
When the heart upon the surface
Flutters for hopes to rise;
By his speculative less than gestures
Hi sorely studies her inquest,
Laying on the warm hereafter
Into treasured gardens greened;
He may palaces re-build,
His may suffer—no more all;
Such may yet, when disenchanted,
This last hour of love recall—
It is well we cannot see
What the end shall be.

When the altar of religion
Greets the cgarnished child pair;
When the vow that lasts till dying
Thrusts on the sacred air;
When the hand and heart and existence
Double of other changes duly,
Comforting the frailer duty
Bound his sorrier for age—
Where beneath the shadow of the incubrance
Many rocks in shadow sleep
Undiscovered till possession
Shivers the fragile of the deep—
It is well we cannot see
What the end shall be.

Whatsoever is beginning,
That is wrought by human skill,
Every fasting consecrates
Of the mind's ambitious will;
Every flow magnifies of passion,
Gush of love, or twinge of hate,
Every torch upon the waters,
Wide heralding'd by our fate;
Every sources in the chances
Of life's reel, all dangerous gone,
Whatsoever be our motives,
Whatsoever be our means—
It is well we cannot see
What the end shall be.

Agricultural.

POTATO DISEASE.

FROM THE BOSTON CULTIVATOR.

Messrs Editors:—For two years I have earnestly desired to see some every article in your paper on potato rot, much from other papers, and much from the Commissioner of Patents Report for 1845. I have experimented with lime, ashes, salt, and salt with salt, saltes, and plaster with—all have entirely failed, and I am of opinion that the entire loss per acre, per rod, per rood of the rot, nor as yet suggested a remedy. From observations made by myself and others, I have come to the conclusion that the disease the potato will be found in excessive wet and heat acting together at a particular stage of the growth of the potato, perhaps aided also by electricity in some other agent not known to me.

In 1845 we lost nearly half our crop of potatoes here, excepting Early Blues and other early varieties, which were ripe and the tops dead in August. In 1846 all our early potatoes were extremely affected, the tops upon the rot, and dead being much greater than upon dry lands, and the wettest parts of the fields entirely destroyed, while the dryer parts were but slightly injured, but our late potatoes, the great mass, were not injured at all, escaping in ballots and very not alone.

In 1845 the weather here was dry until September which was very wet and extremely warm, during which the rot appeared. In 1846 July was very wet and warm up to the 20d, (the second two or three weeks earlier than usual,) when our dry weather set in and continued until the potatoes were dug. About the 20th of July, 1846, the early potatoes, Early Rose, commenced ripening, and the disease appeared rapidly, until checked apparently by the dry weather. I have no doubt that if I continued to dig them in the rain, as we should have continued, and had warm wet weather several a few weeks later, as in 1845, the result would have been the same nearly as then. I guessed from the later potatoes from England, that it is believed does that the dry weather arrested the rot; and as before stated, the potatoes that have not an skeptical enough to doubt it. There are two other facts connected with the epidemic not fairly stated, this subject which, and for as my observation, worthy of some reflection, and having a bearing upon the subject.

In 1845 those fields were sowed here in October, the vines green, bright, and healthy, and the potatoes apparently sound, but all were attacked in the winter, and the vines of blanket like in the spring season here, were the Old Whites and round red potatoes, planted upon new burnt lands, good rich lands, and upon ancient lands, all of which are and liberally manured, both in the hill and spread, with new, green, undecomposed stable manure. Neither of these varieties were sound in the heaped, but all rotted to wet; just such lands; in 1845, produced good crops, but nearly all the late rotted; this year, 1846, the early and late lands rotted, but the late did not, and gave a good yield.

Having but little interest, no knowledge of chemistry and scientific matters, I am unqualified for reasoning, and being unaccustomed to writing for publication, I will leave the subject, having gained my object, if this shall call out others more able to give to the right starting points, who may be able to pursue it to the end, explain it to the understanding of all, and suggest the best mode of preventing or combatting this new, but formidable enemy of Irishmen and Yankees, in particular. G.

East St. Johnsbury, Vt., 1846.

A HINT TO DAIRY FARMERS.

Last week we took an opportunity of visiting a dairy farm occupied by Mr. Bell, of Ayr, to inspect the system of tethering his cows upon a somewhat new profitable system. The land is of a light sandy soil, and adapted for the profitable production of the breast, by the economical use of liquid manure, and by judicious depasturing, he has brought the land into a high state of fertility. The Ayrshire and Ossegs of his system is, perhaps, that of root culture, which has enabled him to keep a much greater number of cows upon the land than is to be met with in the neighborhood. The great difficulty which most dairy farmers meet with in keeping cows during the winter and spring months preceding the hay harvest, has been overcome by Mr. Dumbrell, who, by tethering the cows, is enabled to make the most of comparatively smaller dimensions than is customary, yield feed in sufficient abundance for his dairy. The usual way of tethering is to allow a cow the range of a circle to the extent of the chain; and when it has eaten down its food within its area, it is removed to another spot. Instead of doing this, Mr. Dumbrell tethers his cows with a chain of twelve or fifteen feet; and when it has consumed the grass within its reach, the pin is removed a foot or a foot and a half; the cow then eats this quantity, and is again allowed another bite of the same extent. This plan prevents the animal from treading on the feed which it consumes while quite fresh, and the chain assists in distributing the droppings. The field in this form of management is covered with manure, and some trodden upon. Mr. Dumbrell professes to raise all the green crops from his system, and with a view of liberality highly creditable to his character, reserves no information from his visitors.—*Surrey Standard.*

TO PREVENT SMUT IN WHEAT.

Although we have given directions how to prevent the smut in wheat, it is probable that many of our readers do not seem to have read them, and therefore we repeat them. Make a brine strong enough to bear up an egg; and to every bush of it above blood heat, then let the grain soak in it from one to twelve hours, as is most convenient. While in soak, stir up the grain frequently, and every time this is done, take off the scum, foul stuff and light seeds that rise to the top of the brine. As the grain is taken out, spread it on a floor in the sun, and scatter slacked lime, ashes, or plaster over it to dry it. Lime is the best material for this purpose, if to be had. It will dry quicker, be surer in the sun, and is then ready to be sown. Copperas water and urine are frequently used instead of brine to soak the seed in; but we prefer brine, as it is cleanly, and never dangerous in application. Some say grain may be soaked twenty hour hours in the above solution of brine, but it is a thin skinned variety, we should think it would endanger its germination to soak over four hours or so. It is a good plan to soak enough for the day's wheat and oats, for sowing, in the same way as wheat, especially oats, as they are frequently as liable to smut.—*American Farmer.*

DURABILITY OF THE WOOD OF THE LOCUST TREE.

The following notes relative to the durability of the locust wood (*Robinia pseud acacia*) have been made by M. Pepin, Jardin du Roi, Paris. A number of trees were felled in the month of February to forty five years, but not more than one in five of these underwent the least change to purchase appreciated sufficiently the locust, the others preserving the size. Ultimately the locust was sold to the person who knew its value, at one half higher price than the elm. The purchaser found that equal sizes of the wood in question lasted two sets of elms, and were liable to decay for a third. In the equal circumstances of wear and tear, spokes made of locust wood were perfectly sound, whilst those of oak required to be renewed. M. Pepin further states that the ends of locust gate posts, which had been in the soil for upwards of forty years, were still and decayed. The wood of locust, for fuel, or supporters, for chests made of oak, proved sound, although the oak plank in contact with them had been thrice renewed. Some hoops, made of strips of one orange and lemon pared in; put them to the jelly, and seventies with loaf sugar to taste; then heat up the whites of eight eggs to a high froth, mix it in and let it boil for ten minutes; then run it through a jelly-bag until it is very clear; put in the rind first dipped in cold water, and let it stand until perfectly cold. When you wish to use it, warm it over the fire, stirring it well, or use for an instant, and turn it on a flat glass dish.

To Keep Oranges or Lemon Juice.—To every pint of juice, put three-quarters of a pound of double refined sugar; let it boil for a short time; then bottle it.

To Preserve Oranges.—Put them in clear water, and until you can pass a straw through the skins; then clarify three-quarters of a pound of sugar to a pound of oranges, and pour over the whole day; then stand one night more, and put them in the syrup until they are clear, and the syrup thick. Take them from the syrup and strain it clear over them.

Choice Selections.

THE COUNTESS AND HER RING.

The story of the Countess of Ida, or Toggenburg, and her ring, is as singular as it is melancholy. She had placed her young son on the deep wall, dow-sill of the Castle, to day the outside leather, which had contracted damp. It was open, and a favorite hawk of her husband was perched by her ring. Fearful of communicating her loss to so stern a lord, she kept it a secret to all but a few female friends, and sought in vain to recover it from any one who might find it. A young Page, unhappily not of the confidential party, picked it up it was a great distance from the Castle, and offering it to another Page, boasted that it was the gift of a lady. The Baron heard the vain boast, desired to see the ring, recognized it as the one presented by himself to his wife on their betrothal, rushed into the room, where he found her at the same open casement where she had lost the ring, and without a word, thrust her down into the moaty dell, six hundred feet below! The tardy truth availed not the unhappy lady, whose blackened cannot the ruin of his lady and himself. Three days afterwards the innocence of both was made known by the pedlar, who had seen him pick it up, and had but a price which the other retained; he came to offer the sum originally demanded. Every search was then made for the Countess, but she had, though much bruised, escaped as by a miracle, and withdrawn into a hollow cavern. There she lived four years on wild fruit, bird's eggs and a little fowl, conveyed to her from time to time by an aged woman, to whom she communicated her penitential, and whose bosom she bathed in tears previous to her in the night. A favorite dog, at length, discovered her retreat, and the Baron went in great pomp to recover her to his home. The lady refused to return, and, as an atonement for her sufferings and the death of the Page, he allowed her to build a convent on the spot where she lived. The story is well authenticated, and has perhaps served for the basis of many others, founded on the same incident, after ages.—*Historical Picture of the Middle Ages.*

THE FROZEN DEAD AT THE HOSPICE OF THE GRAND ST. BERNARD.

The scene of the greatest interest at the Hospice —a solemn, extraordinary interest indeed—is that of the Morgue, or building where the dead bodies of the victims of the snow are laid. There are seen each of them as when the breath of life departed, and the Death Angel, with his instruments of frost and snow, commenced his work of decay and ruin. The floor is thick with nameless skulls and bones, and human dust heaped in confusion. But around the wall are ranged the corpses of those in the very position in which they were found, as rigid as marble, and in this air, by the preserving element of so much snow, almost as incorruptible. Some in the mother and child, a most affecting image of suffering and love. The face of the little one remains buried in the mother's bosom, and the back part of the skull is big visible, the body enfolded in her cloak, and the cheek, in vain, affectionate in vain, to shield her darling from the storm and from the cruel tempest. The snow fell fast and thick, and the hurricane wound them up in one white shroud and buried them. Their bones lie in a heap, mixed with those of the guides, who, after a search of months, found them, and, as they thought, had found them all. Many a one has my utmost caution been of no avail in attempting to separate them here; either a careless step on a point of gravel, or an ebb of wind, however light, or letting them perceive the slightest trace of any person, has often caused useless whole hours of manœuvring.—*Wild Sports of the Highlands.*

A Poem.

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To the hearing turbid mass,
When another breath of being
Raises existence's heaving glass;
When the first cry, weak and piteous,
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Springs, that was not, to be again:
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Borrow like hers forth in tears,
And the new's self participates
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When across the infant features
Trembles the first hue of mind;
When the heart looks from the windows
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To the fact not of affection,
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By his speculative less than gestures
Hi sorely studies her inquest,
Laying on the warm hereafter
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He may palaces re-build,
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Many rocks in shadow sleep
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That is wrought by human skill,
Every fasting consecrates
Of the mind's ambitious will;
Every flow magnifies of passion,
Gush of love, or twinge of hate,
Every torch upon the waters,
Wide heralding'd by our fate;
Every sources in the chances
Of life's reel, all dangerous gone,
Whatsoever be our motives,
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Agricultural.

POTATO DISEASE.

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In 1845 the weather here was dry until September which was very wet and extremely warm, during which the rot appeared. In 1846 July was very wet and warm up to the 20d, (the second two or three weeks earlier than usual,) when our dry weather set in and continued until the potatoes were dug. About the 20th of July, 1846, the early potatoes, Early Rose, commenced ripening, and the disease appeared rapidly, until checked apparently by the dry weather. I have no doubt that if I continued to dig them in the rain, as we should have continued, and had warm wet weather several a few weeks later, as in 1845, the result would have been the same nearly as then. I guessed from the later potatoes from England, that it is believed does that the dry weather arrested the rot; and as before stated, the potatoes that have not an skeptical enough to doubt it. There are two other facts connected with the epidemic not fairly stated, this subject which, and for as my observation, worthy of some reflection, and having a bearing upon the subject.

In 1845 those fields were sowed here in October, the vines green, bright, and healthy, and the potatoes apparently sound, but all were attacked in the winter, and the vines of blanket like in the spring season here, were the Old Whites and round red potatoes, planted upon new burnt lands, good rich lands, and upon ancient lands, all of which are and liberally manured, both in the hill and spread, with new, green, undecomposed stable manure. Neither of these varieties were sound in the heaped, but all rotted to wet; just such lands; in 1845, produced good crops, but nearly all the late rotted; this year, 1846, the early and late lands rotted, but the late did not, and gave a good yield.

Having but little interest, no knowledge of chemistry and scientific matters, I am unqualified for reasoning, and being unaccustomed to writing for publication, I will leave the subject, having gained my object, if this shall call out others more able to give to the right starting points, who may be able to pursue it to the end, explain it to the understanding of all, and suggest the best mode of preventing or combatting this new, but formidable enemy of Irishmen and Yankees, in particular. G.

East St. Johnsbury, Vt., 1846.

A HINT TO DAIRY FARMERS.

Last week we took an opportunity of visiting a dairy farm occupied by Mr. Bell, of Ayr, to inspect the system of tethering his cows upon a somewhat new profitable system. The land is of a light sandy soil, and adapted for the profitable production of the breast, by the economical use of liquid manure, and by judicious depasturing, he has brought the land into a high state of fertility. The Ayrshire and Ossegs of his system is, perhaps, that of root culture, which has enabled him to keep a much greater number of cows upon the land than is to be met with in the neighborhood. The great difficulty which most dairy farmers meet with in keeping cows during the winter and spring months preceding the hay harvest, has been overcome by Mr. Dumbrell, who, by tethering the cows, is enabled to make the most of comparatively smaller dimensions than is customary, yield feed in sufficient abundance for his dairy. The usual way of tethering is to allow a cow the range of a circle to the extent of the chain; and when it has eaten down its food within its area, it is removed to another spot. Instead of doing this, Mr. Dumbrell tethers his cows with a chain of twelve or fifteen feet; and when it has consumed the grass within its reach, the pin is removed a foot or a foot and a half; the cow then eats this quantity, and is again allowed another bite of the same extent. This plan prevents the animal from treading on the feed which it consumes while quite fresh, and the chain assists in distributing the droppings. The field in this form of management is covered with manure, and some trodden upon. Mr. Dumbrell professes to raise all the green crops from his system, and with a view of liberality highly creditable to his character, reserves no information from his visitors.—*Surrey Standard.*

TO PREVENT SMUT IN WHEAT.

Although we have given directions how to prevent the smut in wheat, it is probable that many of our readers do not seem to have read them, and therefore we repeat them. Make a brine strong enough to bear up an egg; and to every bush of it above blood heat, then let the grain soak in it from one to twelve hours, as is most convenient. While in soak, stir up the grain frequently, and every time this is done, take off the scum, foul stuff and light seeds that rise to the top of the brine. As the grain is taken out, spread it on a floor in the sun, and scatter slacked lime, ashes, or plaster over it to dry it. Lime is the best material for this purpose, if to be had. It will dry quicker, be surer in the sun, and is then ready to be sown. Copperas water and urine are frequently used instead of brine to soak the seed in; but we prefer brine, as it is cleanly, and never dangerous in application. Some say grain may be soaked twenty hour hours in the above solution of brine, but it is a thin skinned variety, we should think it would endanger its germination to soak over four hours or so. It is a good plan to soak enough for the day's wheat and oats, for sowing, in the same way as wheat, especially oats, as they are frequently as liable to smut.—*American Farmer.*

DURABILITY OF THE WOOD OF THE LOCUST TREE.

The following notes relative to the durability of the locust wood (*Robinia pseud acacia*) have been made by M. Pepin, Jardin du Roi, Paris. A number of trees were felled in the month of February to forty five years, but not more than one in five of these underwent the least change to purchase appreciated sufficiently the locust, the others preserving the size. Ultimately the locust was sold to the person who knew its value, at one half higher price than the elm. The purchaser found that equal sizes of the wood in question lasted two sets of elms, and were liable to decay for a third. In the equal circumstances of wear and tear, spokes made of locust wood were perfectly sound, whilst those of oak required to be renewed. M. Pepin further states that the ends of locust gate posts, which had been in the soil for upwards of forty years, were still and decayed. The wood of locust, for fuel, or supporters, for chests made of oak, proved sound, although the oak plank in contact with them had been thrice renewed. Some hoops, made of strips of one orange and lemon pared in; put them to the jelly, and seventies with loaf sugar to taste; then heat up the whites of eight eggs to a high froth, mix it in and let it boil for ten minutes; then run it through a jelly-bag until it is very clear; put in the rind first dipped in cold water, and let it stand until perfectly cold. When you wish to use it, warm it over the fire, stirring it well, or use for an instant, and turn it on a flat glass dish.

To Keep Oranges or Lemon Juice.—To every pint of juice, put three-quarters of a pound of double refined sugar; let it boil for a short time; then bottle it.

To Preserve Oranges.—Put them in clear water, and until you can pass a straw through the skins; then clarify three-quarters of a pound of sugar to a pound of oranges, and pour over the whole day; then stand one night more, and put them in the syrup until they are clear, and the syrup thick. Take them from the syrup and strain it clear over them.

Culinary Department

RECEIPTS.

Wine Jelly.—One pint of Madeira wine, one pint of water, one ounce of the best of isinglass, half a pound of sugar, the juice of two lemons, the taste. Let the wine and water be boiling hot, then stir near it the dissolved isinglass and sugar, and let it boil for a quarter of an hour; it is a nice way, and when cold, if it is not a good jelly, boil it until by trying it you find it to be so.

Orange Jelly.—Put two quarts of spring water into a preserving pan, with half a pound of lump shavings, or four ounces of isinglass broken up; boil it gently until it becomes a strong jelly; take half been thrice removed from the lemons, and grate the yellow rind off; then stand one night more, and put them in the syrup until they are clear, and the syrup thick. Take them from the syrup and strain it clear over them.

Fun and Frolic.

COMICALITIES.

They do say that there's a nothing new under the sun, but if there add a new pair of stockings," said an old woman, as she took the last stitch; "then there is nothing old."

There is a man in Mississippi, who is so tall that he does not pay a poll tax—his head being considered out of the county.

I demand to know into your of that hole," said an Irishman to his friend who was walking with him in his garden, and stumbled into a pot full of water. No matter," says Pat, drawing the root and we ter out of his mouth, "I'm found it."

"You need not feel yourself above me," said the oil to the flame, "since it is I that feeds you."

Lord Chesterfield.—The largest estate that ever I saw," said a traveller from Spain, "was at Gibraltar: I desire into the mazzle with a six-horse team!"

"Don't believe it," said his hearers.

"It's true, I assure you," said one of them; "I was beside with a horse and buggy; at the same time, and in order to let him turn round